

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



FILE

NOVEMBER, 1927

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Song of the Winds

—

Making our way through happy plains,
Clouds by us slowly driven;
Clouds of the night, clouds of the day,
Clouds that will soon be riven.

Silvery clouds grow dark and thick
Formed by our swiftly urging,
Clouds of the land, clouds of the strand,
Mingled in mighty surging.

Riotous over all the world,
Conquering throngs we resemble;
Lightning does flash, thunder does crash,
Causing the world to tremble.

Moaning through tops of trees we go,
Grieving with childish rashness;
Tired of play, ready to stray
High in our mountain fastness.

Carl Longanbach, '28

Dante, the Man and the Poet

JUST within reach of the cool Alpine breezes that refresh the sunkissed plains of northern Italy lies historic Florence, pre-eminent among the cities of the world for the number of immortals who have called her mother. Today, on coming to the heart of this quaint, old-fashioned city, one stumbles on a little square courtyard around which are raised many marble forms of these, her sons, showing a glory that once was hers. Fame seems as commonplace here as notoriety elsewhere. As memory brushes the cobwebs from off the dusty past, some of the forms take shape and world-famous names spring to the lips; others, though, history alone can name. One silent form, however, causes every scholar, every man who has been tried in the school of sorrow, to linger with reverential pity. This, at least, is a face that needs no name beneath it—the thin cheeks, the lips set in firm resolve, the sharply outlined brow, the marks of life-long struggle, and over all a suggestion of the divine—this face would be known among a million others, for there is but one immortal Dante.

Here, then, where Brunelleschi fashioned the dome that Michael Angelo was to “hang in air” upon St. Peter’s, where Cimabue, Ghiberti, and Giotto performed their life-work, Dante Alighieri was born. When the earth had just donned her holiday garb in May, 1265, the first beams of light fell across the infant eyes of the poet. Blue Italian skies, balmy air, and genial companionship all combined in making youth for him a thing of joy; quiet and serene as a crystal stream it ran on, unruffled, save here and

there by the transient wind of adversity. When the pine that was to become a mast for Columbus was still but a stripling, Dante had already developed an intense love for knowledge; the sun of many a day found him engaged in deep study: philosophy, music, verse—all these shared his time. Golden hours slipped by unnoticed while he earnestly conversed with kindred lovers of art, poetry, and learning, or while he sat by himself, musing and dreaming, busy with thoughts which were unknown to the world.

Into this rather sombre warp of life, fate early wove the idyllic love of Beatrice. In detail, the poet tells us of his first meeting with her; the days thereafter irradiated with a pure and noble love—for him the sun shone brighter, the birds sang sweeter, the skies took on a deeper tint. Sensuality never sullied this ethereal devotion which the words of Shelly enshrine:

“The worship the heart lifts above
And the heavens reject not.
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar.”

But the sands of time were shifting. Dante had finished his school course; early manhood had come to him, and with it also his first sorrow, the death of the beautiful Beatrice. Soon afterward holy wedlock united him to Gemma Donati. Thus ended the first epoch in Dante's life.

Storm clouds were drifting over Italy; like distant thunder, angry rumblings of dissension caused the hearts of the timid to quake within them. It was a time of fierce passions and sudden tragedies, of picturesque transitions and startling contrasts. The second period, therefore, of Dante's life, embracing his

political career, was as replete in sorrow as the first was full of happiness. He had now set sail upon the dangerous sea of partisan strife, the shores of which are strewn with the countless wrecks of those who have perished in its billows. The smoke of battle stung his nostrils at Campaldino and Pisa, the clash of arms everywhere sounded in his ears. This unrest of the outer world carried unrest to the inner man, and gloom habitually shadowed the face of the poet.

In 1302, Dante, urged by patriotism, headed a political embassy to Rome. Little did he think as he passed out of the gates of his beloved Florence that only in his dreams would he be allowed to return to her. While he was at Rome, the cruel decree of perpetual exile fell like a stinging lash upon the burdened shoulders; the opposing faction had gained control at home, and Dante was an exile. City of Florence! what gratitude the world owes you for that unkind cut. Paradoxical though it may seem, your sentence cruel was extremely kind; when you secured your noblest son's downfall, you were but laying the foundation for his immortality; by making him homeless you gave him a home in hearts unnumbered.

Broken and shattered was Dante's little world. Back of him lay ruin and desolation, overhead the sun was hidden, before him loomed the horizon banked with dark and threatening clouds. Was it not somewhat natural, therefore, that the thoughts of the man should turn to rebellion and the use of force? But not for long, since such thoughts are not in keeping with a character like Dante's; guided by his holy religion he soon learned the secret of suffering. Tried in the crucible of pain his character became as finely

tempered steel. Through these sufferings he was but mounting "the great world's altar stairs, that slope through darkness up to God."

Varied were the views that met the eyes, strange the tongues that greeted the ears of the troubled poet as he followed the darkening path that led ever on and on; he was becoming a plaything of the fates. But as the span of years grew shorter, the thread of life thinner still, the poet turned southward once more. Italy, sunny, smiling Italy drew him as the lodestone attracts the needle. The land of his birth called, he needs must answer.

For Dante the east was just enkindling with the dawn of another life when finally he came to Ravenna. As befits the end of a noble life, these last years spent in this city with Count Guido Novello were rather quiet and peaceful. Surrounded by kind friends and the congenial sunshine of good-will, the master finished the great work begun long since in his early wanderings. Before the birds had wooed and nested a third time since his coming, the dauntless spirit of the poet was freed from its earthen prison. In a calm, like that which succeeds the raging storm, Dante, the mortal, ceased to exist. The homeless exile had gone home—home to the land beyond the stars. Happiness, at last, had come to Dante, the man.

Of the several works with which the word-compelling Dante has enriched the world, the "Divina Commedia" is the nucleus of his fame as a poet. This sacred song, composed during the nineteen years of the poet's exile, has for its theme "the state of the soul after death, simply considered." Scattered throughout the work are the shattered dreams, the hopes, the aims of its author. It is, in fact, the

autobiography of a human soul, and while reckoned as one of the world's greatest epics is at the same time one of her greatest dramas, having its scene laid in the soul of man. For the hero it has not one man, but every man; you and I, it may be, as well as Dante, and in this lies its profound meaning, its universality, its permanent and undying interest. "Every soul with a conviction," writes Brother Azarias, "must thrill responsive to some note or other in the sacred song." He who can endure "unmixed delight," he who can "tolerate music and poetry and painting all in one," he who would leave behind the busy marts of men and mount to things higher, let him read in the "Divina Commedia." There is the land of inspiration, "the land of pure heart's ease."

Of all the poets, either foreign or native, who have ever trod the soil of Italy, Dante is by far the greatest. He, who has caused "the perfect marriage of epic and lyric," has made himself the first of descriptive as well as of mortal poets. But yet Dante portrays rather than describes; witness the beautiful imagery in his picture of Christ, the Mystic Rose, as Mary Whiting has it, "in the form of a glowing and fragrant rose, pure as crystal, throbbing with living light, the Saints surround the central figure of Christ like the clustering leaves of a flower, while up and down the Mystic Rose, fluttering over it with winks of gold, go the Angels like a troop of bees." In vividness, intensity, pathos, and sincerity Dante reigns supreme; with him there is always "the true coin of speech, and never the highly ornamented promise to pay." As Lowell truly says, "Dante's readers turn students, his students zealots, and what was a taste becomes a religion."

Dante Alighieri, the poet, was not of a single period but for all ages. When it comes to the eternal Dante, time, that impartial critic, passes by; time, which is perpetually washing away the sands on which other poets rest, leaves intact the adamant upon which this immortal one stands, for—

“The magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame.”

Truly, Dante the man, poor, unknown, unhonored died centuries ago; but Dante the poet, rich beyond compare, will live forever in the myriads of throbbing hearts that love him.

—Carl Gates, '28

Absolute silence prevailed. Joe, in an effort to make conversation, said: “Are you going home for Christmas vacation?”

John: “No.”

Joe: “That’s too bad; I was just going to ask which way you were going.”

When passing a tourist who had just stopped to repair a flat she remarked: “Too bad.” He answered: “Yes it is. Only flat on the bottom, too.”

Johns: “There’s no place like home.”

Wissert: “Very true, for where else can one trust the hash?”

The number of students hobbling around on crutches, canes or what not, has been substantially reduced, so that the place no longer has the appearance of a base hospital during the World War. So much for football.

Ego—Superman

Centuries before man reached the idea that the world was round, long before Columbus had discovered America, and aeons before the human mind had conceived the aeroplane, I lived and lived alone on the island of Lupino in the great Pacific Ocean. I have since found that I spent almost two hundred years on the island. Whence I came, I know not, nor when.

Necessity is the mother of invention; and during the time of my lonely exile, I discovered many things, which have lately been rediscovered as necessity called for them. On my oceanic isle there was petroleum in abundance for which I could find no use. There were coal, copper and iron and many other of the comforts of the present daily life; but, what were these to me? A burning desire to leave that island and seek my kind became an obsession. No chance; for ships never came near Lupino, and I never saw one even at a distance. Wood on the island was fragile and could not be made into boats that would withstand the giant waves.

After living on the island for more than a hundred years, I began to notice a short thick beard appearing on my face. Then began the inventive period of my life. My first invention, urged by necessity, was the razor, a very delicate and dangerous affair, crudely made. In its construction, I molded two iron bars about fifty feet long and buried one end of each in the ground. Then I shaped a curved knife with a very sharp edge weighing about a hundred and fifty pounds, which I placed at the top of the iron bars in a groove previously made.

When I released a catch on the bar, the knife fell with astounding velocity. I then pulled the knife up and let it fall again and again until I was completely shaved. As may be readily supposed, shaving was somewhat of a hazard, for one must hold one's head at a different angle directly under the knife each time until the face is cleanly shaved. Twenty-five years of practice made me an expert in that noble art. During that quarter-century I had my jaw-bone fractured eleven times, my nose thrice, chin twice, and my eyelashes completely obliterated on twelve or thirteen occasions; but these members grew back in practically no time at all.

As a means of recreation, I watched the sea-gulls as they hovered over me. They were the island's only sign of life, with the possible exception of a herd of porcupines and an occasional shark. It was from watching the gulls that the idea of trans-oceanic aeronautics became a possibility in my mind; so I set about inventing what is now known as the aeroplane. Thirty years accomplished the building and ten more eradicated a few hundred faults. To stop the plane I was forced to climb out on the engine and stop the propeller by hand, in order that I might descend. To operate my engine fuel was necessary; by refining my petroleum I had the fuel—gasoline and oil. As you have no doubt guessed before this, I must have been a super-man with a super-mind. Well, I was and am.

After many trial tests came the day of the great takeoff—the day that was to begin the flight of discovery. Dense fogs obscured my path, forcing me to go higher and higher; so high that I could no longer see the earth. Upon looking at my self-devised alti-

meter, I found myself to be at the terrifying height of 889,000 feet. I began to feel cold. Then, shall I ever forget it? an enormous body, burning in sections, shot straight toward me at an enormous speed. The idea struck me that the whatever it was must be going somewhere and I made up my mind to go with it. The jump from the plane was not difficult for the meteor (so I knew it to be) jumped directly under me. Down, down, down, sped the meteor. I thought that I should land in Europe. But the meteor merely passed low over one section of it and glanced against the tower of Pisa causing it to lean. I was tempted to jump off, but I resisted the temptation. It wasn't worth it. I came down toward earth again a few hundred years later; and as I passed over America I kicked off a large mass of the burning body and Chicago was destroyed by fire. I learned all about the fire from the ethereal tabloid newspapers from which I gain all my knowledge. I never touched earth, but veered again into space. That's where I am now. My daily diet consists of lightning-bugs and an occasional aviator seeking an altitude record. Next time I come down in your direction, my dear reader, I'll drop off.

Would that everybody who writes stories similar to this one, were where I am, clothed in an asbestos suit on a burning meteor. Those, moreover, who would outdo the fame of Lindbergh, should take special notice of what has happened to me, and, unless they are prepared to live through my adventures, they should allow Lindbergh to rest cozily upon his laurels.

—Leonard Elwell, '29.

Searching for Culture

As the brilliant sun, ushering in a new day, casts its glittering rays over the earth, attracting the eyes of all lovers of nature, in like manner the cultured man, as he steps into the world eyed by a critical populace, casts about himself an atmosphere that commands admiration and respect. Little wonder, indeed, that we who observe him should marvel at his achievements, though it is possible, and even quite probable, that during all the time that we spend in admiration and approval, we really remain unconscious of the means by which we ourselves might attain to that same high degree of perfection in conduct and mental balance which characterize the object of our envy and praise. Before entering into a discussion concerning the requirements for the gaining of culture, however, let us first determine the true import of the term.

According to some people culture is acquired by a liberal education only, which is, as they declare, synonymous not merely with an education in literature generally, but also with a training in one particular field of letters, namely, that of Greek and Roman classics. In place of accepting this inadequate interpretation of culture, let us turn to Matthew Arnold, who informs us that "culture consists in the knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in the world." From Arnold's explanation we may justly conclude that literature must be taken in its broadest sense in order that it might be said to include the materials necessary for the construction of a criticism of life, which is indeed, the very essence of culture.

Having discovered the signification of culture, we must determine upon the means of acquiring it. To read the renowned authors means to take an important step toward gaining culture. Those who doubt this statement fail to grasp the nature of culture in its true sense. Nowhere, except in the noblest forms of literature, shall we find life in all its phases so beautifully portrayed and so pregnant with vivid and realistic scenes created by surging human emotions. If we must number ourselves among that class of mortals which finds it difficult to spend even a fraction of leisure hours in reading the works of great dramatists, there are good reasons to fear that we have made small progress in developing that aesthetic taste which serves as an index by which the acquirement of culture is measured.

If the achievement of culture is a set purpose with us, then we shall have to pursue intensive reading of the best literary productions that have come to us from authors of acknowledged fame. The more imagery a book exhibits to the imagination of the reader, the more it will stimulate his feelings, stir his emotions, refine his sentiments, and thus, by almost imperceptible degrees, his mind will take on that refinement which in his speech, bearing, and conduct will give evidence that true culture has made its way into his life. Hence the works of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Wordsworth, of Dante, and of a host of others whose names are "legion," in as much as they belong to the literature of art, must be the continuous food and drink for the mind of the person who goes in search for culture.

Literature of knowledge which has for its purpose the imparting of information, though it may show

all the earmarks of artistry, is nevertheless of far inferior value for the purposes of culture than is the literature of art. It is in the literature of art that we find the noble, the beautiful, the exquisite, for it is in this form of literature that we come into contact with the elemental passions, emotions, and feelings that have been proper to man at all times and in all places even from the earliest beginnings of the human race. Those readers alone who can recognize and understand man's emotional life will be capable of obtaining culture, but persistent reading of the proper kind of books will practically secure for everyone the possession of this coveted prize. If we succeed, for instance, while reading the plays of Shakespeare in placing before our imagination the developing emotions as symbolized in his characters, we have then done much towards understanding human nature. Certainly the same may be said of any work belonging to the division of literature of art, and it is in this understanding that the very essence of culture consists.

Even among the works classed as belonging to the letters of art a distinction must be made. Let us consider for example two contemporaneous writers, namely, Wordsworth and Byron. The first has left us a goodly number of works belonging to the best literature; the latter with a personality of mere clay and with a mind untrained, has expressed in his works the wild and degrading life that he led. As we read Wordsworth, we are lifted into a higher and purer atmosphere. The melody of his theme wafts us along; our imagination is stirred, our feelings are ennobled. Here it is that life is gracefully expressed in its every mood; here it is that the mental overcomes the physical; ah, it is here, in the reading and

understanding of these great masterpieces that culture is acquired. For us to attempt a comparison between Wordsworth and Byron would mean to bring a pure star from the heavens and set it aside of a weak and flickering light here on earth. What a contrast does not exist between the works of these two men; what a difference does not obtain between the characters of these authors respectively,—Wordsworth, the cultured poet, a lover of nature and of human society; Byron, the uncultured, the lover of a careless life, a shirker of honor and duty.

There are persons who would convince us that the cultured man is not inclined to seek any form of association and amusement with his fellowmen. From experience we know a cultured man is quite of the opposite disposition. The loftiest pleasures of life are his and these pleasures are of an undying variety. He is inclined to prefer pleasures that are consistent with the beauties of life, to those pleasures that by their very nature tend to degrade life. His choice, moreover, brings to the cultured man pleasures that are neither withered by age, nor staled by custom, nor embittered in the recollection by the pangs of self-reproach.

Real culture is as vital to a successful life as pure air is necessary for the health of the body. We daily nourish our bodies to preserve health and to insure vigor of mind, but it is far easier to nourish our bodies than it is to take food which will supply life and vitality to our minds. That food, however, must be taken and that with the regularity of day-break and nightfall. As bodily food furnishes nourishment best in youthful years, so in like manner the mind is best nourished in those years when it is as

yet supple and pliant. Hence, we as students of advanced schools should value our chances and the facilities that are placed at our disposal for the acquiring of culture. In later years then, when we are left alone to battle against the usual difficulties of life, we can truthfully say that we have not only acquired a college education, but that we have more than what the mere word education implies, namely, that we have brought into our lives the pleasures and joys of true culture.

—Joseph Schill, '29

HONOR ROLL

Sixths: Caspar Heimann, 98 3-7; Edward Siegman, 98 1-7; Roman Lochotzki, 96 6-7; Carl Gates, 95 4-7; Marcellus Foltz, 95 2-7.

Fifths: Paul Knape, 96 4-7; Othmar Missler, 94 1-7; Michael Walz, 93 6-7; Daniel Nolan, 93 1-6; Albert Gordon, 93.

Fourths: Frederick Hunt, 95 6-7; John Kraus, 94 5-7; Marcellus Dreiling, 93 2-7; Spalding Miles, 92 5-8; Walter Junk, 91 5-7.

Thirds: Caspar Davis, 98 1-4; Joseph Shaw, 96 1-7; Bela Szmekto, 95 5-7; Joseph Sheeran, 94 5-7; James Maloney, 94 2-3.

Seconds: Raphael Gross, 96; Virgil Siebeneck, 96; Lawrence Ernst, 95 1-2; Leonard Storch, 95 1-2; Herman Schnurr, 95 1-5; Thomas Harris, 94 2-3; Maurice Meyers, 94.

Firsts: William Egolf, 98 3-5; Michael Vichuras, 96 1-2; Joseph Otte, 95; James Schaleman, 94 6-7; Herbert Kenney, 93 1-2.

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Rev. Meinrad Koester, C. PP. S. ----- Faculty Director

THE STAFF

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Cornelius C. Heringhaus, '28 -----	Sports
Charles H. Magsam, '28 -----	Societies
Thomas J. Corcoran, '29 {	Associate Editors
Cornelius E. Flynn, '29 }	
Robert B. Koch, '28 -----	Business Manager

EDITORIAL

IT is with a certain feeling of triumph that we record the initial success of the St. Joseph's Collegian. Many members of the Alumni Association have expressed their hearty satisfaction with the revival of the Collegian. One alumnus has adequately summarized this general sentiment. He writes, "Friends come and go, but institutions live on and link a man with his youth, which he is liable to forget in the hurry of life. In my mind, there's no doubt but that the Collegian is a step forward from the Cheer, and no infant step at that."

The success of the magazine, however, does not

signify its perfection. Realizing this fact, the editors have endeavored to incorporate into this second number a series of events, more local in interest. The St. Joseph's Collegian is a student paper published by the students and for the students. To maintain this standard, contributions in the form of stories, essays, and poems are respectfully solicited for the Collegian. An institution of higher learning is judged by the nature of the magazine which sallies forth from its halls. The success of the Collegian in achieving a noteworthy standard rests with the ability of the students of St. Joseph's College. Will you shirk your individual obligation?

Turkey, cranberries, and pumpkin pie; pumpkin pie, cranberries, and turkey! We have heard those words before, but what can they mean? Elements of a compound? Or do they form only a chemical mixture? Oh! there we are, always thinking of examinations. 'Tis a pity indeed that such unimportant and little thought of (?) events as examinations should interfere with our thinking mechanisms. But turkey, cranberries, and——aha! Shame lad, these words spell Thanksgiving. Ah! that good old English word has a meaning all its own. No book of definitions, however, can define the term Thanksgiving to our satisfaction. We must experience its meaning and “*experientia docet*.”

Let us allow our imagination to carry us to the great open spaces. It is Thanksgiving Day morn. Can you hear the gentle autumnal breezes skip across the plains laughing merrily? They are whispering sweet words to the golden pumpkins basking in the sunshine and the pumpkins seem to answer with a smile of approval. Glance at those fields of corn

stocks erected in rows straight from any view, and those potato and wheat fields emptied of their harvest, but happy for the good they have done. Then, as we approach yonder cabin nestled among mighty oaks, we notice a curl of gray smoke emerging from the mossy chimney. Ah-h-h, and what is that aroma floating on the breeze, which teases our nostrils so? Um-m-m-m. Peculiar, isn't it, how that feeling arises from our stomachs?

Then, then we realize the meaning of Thanksgiving. It is a day set aside each year for the purpose of giving thanks to God for His goodness and the many gratuitous gifts bestowed on us by Him. The customary delicious feast should be considered as only secondary since gratitude is not contained in pumpkin pie or cranberries either. Let us, therefore, incorporate the spirit of the early New England colonists and with their enthusiasm, let us offer sincere and humble thanks to God on Thanksgiving Day.

Exchanges

Exchanges may be classed under two headings: papers and magazines. The former are primarily local in interest and purpose, for which reason they may also elicit more enthusiastic support from the student body than a magazine does. Because of their number we cannot comment on them individually. Both in appearance and content, however, the *Wendelette* of Fostoria, Ohio, and the *Look-A-Head* of Norwalk, Ohio, may well be classed as representative.

The magazines evidently affect a more pretentious

character than do the papers, but their appeal, like everything else, depends upon the individual taste. In our opinion they represent a wider measure of school achievement than the papers, as such, can exhibit. Among the magazines in our mail box the **Black and Red** of Watertown, Wisconsin, deserves a prominent place. We like especially the attitude of the Exchange Editor toward his duties, his intention, namely, "to give an unbiased, unflinching, and clean-cut criticism." The essay on Queen Victoria in the September number does credit to the writer. We object, however, to the two quotations from the German found in the essay as somewhat pedantic. In the vernacular they would have served the purpose just as well, especially since neither loses force in translation.

The **Olivia** of Oldenburg, Indiana, presents a neat artistic appearance, showing diligent work on the part of its staff. "Women Pioneers in Literature" is a typical panorama of women litterateurs, except that it unfortunately omits Sappho, the real pioneer of feminine endeavor in the realms of literature.

The **Tower** of Mt. Calvary, Wisconsin, is unique in the beautiful religious spirit that pervades its pages. The editorial on Retreat is a masterful bit of work. We believe that the **Tower** would do well to introduce an essay or two of a purely secular nature. Judged from the quality of the rest of the paper, something of this kind would be a treat.

In beauty of appearance, in spirit, in general content; briefly, in everything expected from a real school journal, the presentation issue of the **Old Gold and Purple** of New Orleans, Louisiana, easily ranks first among the exchanges received to date. Our

hearty congratulations to the staff. Just one remark: why not date the **Old Gold and Purple**?

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges received since our last issue: **The Eye**, Cleveland, Ohio; **Brown and White**, Mt. Healthy, Ohio; **Rensselaerien**, Rensselaer, Indiana; **Gonzaga Bulletin**, Spokane, Washington; **Centric**, Toledo, Ohio; **Enicar**, Racine, Wisconsin; **Goodwill**, St. Vincent, Kentucky; **Hour Glass**, St. Mary's, Kansas; **Vista**, Notre Dame News, Cleveland, Ohio; **Fram**, Sandusky, Ohio; **Clarion**, Williamston, West Virginia; **Record**, Hamilton, Ohio; **La Fayette Light**, St. Joseph, Missouri; **Tech High Rainbow**, Atlanta, Georgia; **High School News**, Ottawa; **Gavel**, Covington, Kentucky; **Campionette**, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin; **Rattler**, San Antonio, Texas; **Cee-Ay**, Dubuque, Iowa; **H. C. C. Journal**, Hays, Kansas; **St. Bede Records**, Peru, Illinois; **St. Joseph's Gleaner**, Hinsdale, Illinois; **The Bell**, Sandusky, Ohio; **De Paulia**, Chicago, Illinois; **Copper Glow**, Anaconda, Montana; **Loyola News**, Chicago, Illinois.

Library Notes

History need not be uninteresting, but it often is. A frequent reason for this dullness is that the reader, overburdened with a mass of dates and figures, fails to see behind this mathematical haze the intensely human side of history. When the reader, however, feels that he is getting a glimpse of life's back-stage, when he feels that he is chatting informally with the makers of history behind the scenes, when he can see political dramas from the author's and the actor's viewpoints, then history becomes as interesting as

a novel. History, at the touch of a skillful writer, can take on this informingly informal air yet lose none of its truthfulness.

Frederic L. Paxson has prepared a reading course on the United States in recent times, in which one finds at once good history and interesting reading. In three of the works suggested in this course, at least three "headliners" on the stage of recent United States history give us their own impressions of the dramas in which they played the leading roles. To these books is added Paxson's "Recent History of the United States" which supplements and also serves as a background for the other books of the series.

Any study of the history of this country between the years 1880 and 1920 must devote much space to Theodore Roosevelt. Few men have impressed their age as he has. Roosevelt had intended to write an autobiography, but he had written only a few chapters in the few spare moments which he had snatched from a robustly, active life when he died, while still busily at work at the duties of citizenship. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, a newspaper man and an old friend, took up the writing where Roosevelt left off and by a judicious use of his old friend's voluminous correspondence completed a work which is substantially an autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt. In "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time" the reader will find the secret of Roosevelt's amazing activity; he will learn why so many men fought the ex-Rough Rider so vigorously; he will find out whether Roosevelt was impulsive or whether his impulsiveness was deliberate. The life of "A man of action in love with books," as Maurice Francis Egan called Roosevelt, will give the reader many pleasant minutes and at the same

time will give him an insight into many problems of democracy which the voter of today must face and help solve.

The time immediately preceding 1914 and the years immediately following were exciting at the Court of St. James. "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" gives a very interesting account of the life of the ambassador to England during the war, and more than that, it furnishes the historian with one of the best pictures he has of our war-time president, Woodrow Wilson, and his "Secretary of State without portfolio," Colonel House. Another figure sketched very interestingly by the former Atlantic Monthly editor is William Jennings Bryan.

It is hardly possible that the events depicted in the "Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie" could have been enacted in any other country outside of the United States. The life of the Scotch immigrant boy who became the "great steel magnate and the forerunner of scientific philanthropy" has the interest compelling qualities of a best seller.

It has aptly been said that "History is past politics and present politics is future history." By reading history the citizen of today sees the political problems of yesterday and by seeing the problems of yesterday better understands how to deal with the problems of today. The books outlined above teach the lessons of citizenship in a sugar-coated way that makes the lessons pleasant ones to swallow.

Thomas Corcoran, '29.

Societies

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The Dwenger Mission Unit held a spirited and successful meeting, Sunday, October 16. The roll call showed an attendance of 170 members. In his inaugural address the president, Edward Siegman, outlined the aim of the society as well as the necessity of true mission spirit. The unit will devote its energies to mission and Crusade education during the first semester of this year. Under the regular business the unit decided to have the mission store in the junior pool room. The unit also expressed its will to prosecute the collecting of stamps and tinfoil.

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

In the course of the meeting of October 16 applications for admission into the Raleigh Smoking Club were accepted by unanimous vote. Under miscellaneous business the president appointed a capable committee to preside over the initiation of the new members. The president introduced the question of purchasing a radio for the use of the club. A committee of five were appointed to consider the matter thoroughly and to report their considerations at the next meeting.

NEWMAN CLUB

Guided by its introduction into Parliamentary Law and tested by its first private program, the good ship, the Newman Club, has begun its journey through the deeps of dramatics. The initial debate between Francis Otto and Michael Geffert proved a successful and praiseworthy one from the standpoint of

writeup, delivery, and spirit. The judges rendered their decision in favor of Michael Geffert.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The first public program of the Columbian Literary Society was staged on the eve of October 12. When the spirited finale of the exquisite musical number, Poet and Peasant, had re-echoed in a deafening burst of applause, the rising curtain disclosed William Stecker, the first speaker of the evening. In an effective and praiseworthy introductory address, William Stecker as vice-president of the C. L. S. outlined in brief the aim of the society and the field of activity before its members.

Having been introduced by the vice-president, Joseph Hartmann as president of the society appeared to deliver his inaugural address entitled "Enthusiasm." In a manner worthy of a true leader of the C. L. S. the president pointed out incidents in history where enthusiasm has played so important a part. He further outlined in convincing oratory the necessity of this inspiring attribute in every undertaking.

Following the inaugural address was a spirited and hotly contested debate on the question, resolved: That the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti is justified. Roman Lochotzki with an effective writeup and meritorious delivery upheld the affirmative. Edward Siegman creditably demonstrated his caliber by presenting a strong negative side of the topic under discussion. Roman Lochotzki was given the decision by the judges.

In a black-face monologue, "Don't Argue," Harold Diller evoked round after round of laughter from an appreciative audience. "The Crumbs That Fall" by

Phillip Hubbard, a serious one-act drama concluded the evening's entertainment.

Cast of Characters

Denny Keegan	-----	Cornelius Heringhaus
Steve Suttan	-----	Carl Longanbach
Arthur Cavanagh	-----	Ferdinand Evans
Nat Golding	-----	Robert Koch
Bobby Bland	-----	Arthur Schmit
Dick Sopwith	-----	Emil Meyer
Perry, head waiter at the club	-----	Jerome Wolf
Second Waiter	-----	Paul Uhrhane

In gratitude for the great services rendered by Mr. Honan in past years, the Columbian Literary Society, by unanimous vote, appropriated the sum of twenty-five dollars for mass stipends. Included here is a copy of the resolution:

October 2, 1927.

Mrs. E. P. Honan,
Rensselaer, Indiana.

Dear Mrs. Honan,

Whereas:

Mr. Edward Patrick Honan has for many years been associated with the Columbian Literary Society in the capacity of instructor in Parliamentary Law during which period, by reason of whole-souled devotion, energetic effort and helpful advice, he labored to promote the Society's welfare, whilest at the same time he won the love and respect of all those with whom he came in contact, and

Whereas:

It has now pleased God to call Mr. Honan to his eternal reward, the Columbian Literary Society feels under obligation to express its gratitude and appre-

ciation for services so willingly and effectually rendered, and

Whereas:

Mrs. E. P. Honan and her son Edward Honan remain to mourn the loss of a dearly beloved husband and father, the Columbian Literary Society takes this opportunity to extend its loving sympathy to both, be it therefore resolved:

That in token of our respect the Society appropriate the sum of \$25.00 for Masses for the repose of his soul.

Be it further resolved:

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Honan.

(Signed) Joseph Hartmann, President.

Robert Koch, Secretary.

The cast of the play, "A Pair of Sixes," selected several weeks ago, are already working on this C. L. S. Production to be staged on the eve of Thanksgiving.

Alumni Notes

The death of the Reverend Francis Miller, C. PP. S. after an operation at St. Joseph's Hospital, Fort Wayne, Indiana, is regretfully announced to the alumni.

Lawrence Mattingly, who received his diploma in '26 is studying philosophy within the walls of Kenrick Seminary, Webster Groves, Missouri.

William Gibbons of '26 has taken up the study of commerce at Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Sylvester Moebs of '27 is pursuing a course of

studies at the University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois.

Congratulations are sent to Leslie Ryan in recognition of his position on the staff of the Records at St. Bede's College, Peru, Illinois.

Gregory Gobel of the class of '27, who is now at his home near Fowler, Indiana, paid a short visit with his old friends at the College Sunday, October 23.

LOCALS

Recent visitors at the College were: The Rev. Thos. M. Conroy, Rector of the Cathedral Parish, Fort Wayne, Ind.; The Rev. John Nadolny, secretary to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Ft. Wayne; The Rev. James Fitzgerald, Lebanon, Ind.; The Rev. John Kostic, C. PP. S. Hammond, Ind.; The Rev. Chas. Seeberger, Hammond, Ind.; The Rev. Peter Biegel, Dunnington, Ind.; The Rev. Leo Spornhauer, C. PP. S., Carthagen, Ohio; The Rev. Florent Delfosse, Covington, Ind.; Mr. Henry Hipskind, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; The Rev. Vincent Muinch, C. PP. S., Columbus Grove, Ohio; Mr. John K. Reppa, East Chicago, Ind.; The Hon. Mr. Walter Reineck, U. S. Consul to the island of Martinique, French West Indies.

In order that the Alumni may readily understand how Mr. Reineck came to hold the position of Consul to the island of Martinique, it may be well to give a brief outline of his career. Mr. Walter Reineck of the class of 1912 studied philosophy at Innsbruck, Austria for two years after graduating from St. Joseph's. At the outbreak of the World War, instead of returning to the U. S. he joined the consular service and was stationed at Vienna during the following

ten years. In 1924 he was appointed consul of Martinique in the French West Indies. During his present three-months vacation he spent several days at the College, renewing old and pleasant friendships. He leaves the country again on November 10 of the present year.

While on his way to the Convention of the Propagation of the Faith in Chicago, the Rev. John Knue, well-known in educational circles, of Louisville stopped for a short visit with his brother.

In contrast with a previous free day which was marked by a separation of the local students into two parties, the one, a student congregation in the watermelon patch, the other an assembly by general invitation held in the prefect's office, where rules of discipline were explained, the holiday of October 12 was nearly ruined by bad weather. After a consultation on the part of the general manager of athletics and the coaches concerned, it was decided that a football game could be played on the North Campus. This decision was fatal to the Junior League players as they considered that they had a lease in some form on that particular campus. They are, however, all good-natured chaps and soon gave up the idea. An account of the game which was played at that time between the Thirds and Fourths will be found in the sport columns of this publication. It is sufficient to say that long e'er the game ended the arguments commenced. Arguments are much like the insect known as the corn borer in so far as they do not cease when the whistle blows. The general manager

averred that the suits were very damp. That may have been true since it rained while the game was in progress. After dinner, on this particular day, everybody borrowed someone else's sweater and started for Rensselaer. The townspeople must have been tipped off that the students were coming because they had the victrolas going full speed when the crowd got there. Pretty classy machines they were too; one above all others, a radio and victrola all in one, sounded like an organ. During the movie the students were amused or abused by the noise emitted by one flabbily robust youngster of the Third class. The butchers sang a hymn of thanksgiving and the cook groaned as some 200 boys dashed from the show to the restaurant. Having cleaned up the hamburger market we came back to school and as usual prepared classes for the next day.

The Fifth Class met in the Raleigh Club Rooms sometime ago and were bor----- . I might get into trouble if I printed the rest of the word, so I'll just say that they had plenty of food; peach pie and pickles were on the menu along with other articles. The afternoon was marked by selections given by the new members of the class. I was told that Charles Baron sang some ballads of his own composition! Paul Boltz played the violin, and Bart Striker was there with a number of his customary entertaining performances at the piano. Tom Corcoran was either toastmaster or joke-master. With the valuable addition caused by the addition of 14 new members to the class the Fifths believe and rightfully so, that they have a year of successful achievement before them.

Reveries

As I was resting in the Club a few days ago I overheard a group of boys conversing among themselves. At times the conversation dwindled to a monologue, and again the other three would join in and compare bits of their experiences. At one time, Jack broke in with: "There goes old Brother 'Vic' with 'The Covered Wagon' to get the mail."

"Faithful old soul," remarked Jim.

Just then, Phil, a new student asked: "Say, I wonder how long he's been mailman?" Jack who had been at St. Joe for five years, answered: "I was speaking to a member of the faculty recently, and he told me that Brother 'Vic' has been getting the mail for twenty-seven years. Since 1900 he has been working through an agreement with the government."

"Gee! Twenty-seven years is a long time on one job," came from Phil. "How many trips would that be?"

"He makes only one trip on Sundays," Jack said, "but every other day he goes to Rensselaer twice, just as regularly as recess follows Latin class. I figured it all up the other day over a period of twenty-seven years and got a total of 18,052 trips. Knocking off the 52 for a few days when he may have been absent or disinclined leaves 18,000 round trips."

"And that's 54,000 miles at an average of three miles a trip, which is a moderate estimate," Jim commented.

"Why it's only 25,000 miles around the earth," exclaimed Bill, who had been silent so far. "Some traveler, I'll say."

"I wonder how many horses he has worn out?" asked Phil.

"I understand that he is using the sixth one now," Jack answered. The one that died last month was the fifth one."

"The wagon he uses now has been overhauled but once. Guess it's like the One Horse Shay. He wore out one before he got this one though," Jim added.

"Ever had any robberies?" Phil interrogated, remembering that the students receive all their money through the mail.

"Not that I know of," replied Jack.

"Well that's what I would call doing one's duty," Bill said. "If, when I am at his age, I can repeat a record of such faithful service, I shall feel that my fellow-men have profited by my life, and that's what counts. I remember two lines which I read somewhere:

'They serve God well
Who serve His creatures.' "

Athletics

SIXTHS 13—SECONDS 0

The Sixths celebrated their second game of the season by conquering the Seconds. In playing a passing and deceptive game of football, the Seniors managed to put over two markers, one in each half. The Seconds were completely outplayed in advancing the ball, but the husky line of the Sophs held its own with the Sixths' forward attackers. In the last quarter of the game, after the Sixths had carried the ball to the eight yard line, the Seconds showed their

grit and determination and stopped their opponents on the one foot line. Modrijan immediately punted out of danger.

The statistics of the game show that the Sixths gained fourteen first down to the two for the Seconds. With Modrijan punting, however, the Seconds kept away from the goal. Out of sixteen attempted passes, the Sixths completed eight, while the Seconds completed two out of six attempts. Bloomer intercepted two passes for a total gain of thirteen yards. With Captain Lauer and quarterback Wolf up to standard, the Sixths made many gains around end and through the line. L. Connor was on the receiving end for most passes. The touchdowns were scored by Wolf and L. Connor. On the line Stecker and Frenzer played a good game. Bloomer, Hoover, and Modrijan were the luminaries in the Second year's running machine. Among the Second's forward attackers, Waple, Zureich and Conroy were the prominent players.

Line-up:

Sixths (13)		Seconds (0)
Reitz	L. E.	Strasser
Longanbach	L. T.	McCarthy
Diller	L. G.	Waple
Evans	C.	Novak
Stecker	R. G.	Zureich
Frenzer	R. T.	Wirtz
Connor, L.	R. E.	Conroy
Wolf	Q.	Blommer
Uhrhane	L. H.	Hoover
Druffel	R. H.	Modrijan (c)
Lauer (c)	F.	Storch

Substitutions—Sixths: Kasper for Frenzer; Siegrist for Longanbach. Seconds: None.

Heringhaus, referee; Billinger, umpire; Joubert, linesman; Boker, field judge.

FOURTHS 13—THIRDS 0

Staging one of the best fights ever made by a rather light team at St. Joe., the Thirds held the heavier Fourths to two touchdowns. Coach Bill Meyer started his second team against the thirds, but they were unable to make any headway, since they could not advance the ball out of the Fourth year territory. At the opening of the second quarter, the Fourth's regulars were on the field, but they could not solve the Third's defence. The half ended 0 to 0.

After a thirty-five yard run by Grot, followed by several line plunges by J. Connor and Billinger, the Fourths pushed over their first touchdown in the third quarter. The last quarter of the game saw several long runs by Billinger and Herod which aided the Fourths in securing their second and last touchdown of the game. The game ended soon after an attempted field goal by the Thirds.

The Third year linemen, principally B. Dreiling, Peck, and Szmekko, held their own with the Fourths' linemen for the first half. In the second half, however, the Thirds' line crumbled, due to the excessive hammering by the Fourths' backs. Tatar ruled off several long runs, one for fifteen and another for twenty yards. Duray played a good game at quarter besides completing several passes. On the Fourth year line R. Guillozet, Goubeaux, and Van Oss played

a good game, opening holes for their backfield men and giving interference.

Line-up:

Fourths 13		Thirds 0.
Krupa	L. E.	Kienly
Olberding	L. T.	Szmetko
Roster	L. G.	Peck
Homsey	C.	Dreiling, B.
Miller, E. A.	R. G.	Maloney, J.
Junk	R. T.	Bishop
Dreiling, W.	R. E.	Bucher
Otto	Q.	Duray
Beirman	L. H.	Tatar
Uhrich	R. H.	Martin
Goubeaux	F.	Boker

Substitutions, Fourths: Billinger for Uhrich; Connor, J. for Goubeaux; R. Guillozet for Roster; Vanecko for Miller; Weiner for Olberding; Herod (c) for Otto; Grot for Beirman; Van Oss for Kruppa; Dreiling, W. for Grot; Huzvar for Homsey; Vanecko for Junk. Thirds: Stock for Szmetko. Officials: Lauer, referee; Heringhaus, umpire; Anzinger, linesman; Hoover field-judge.

FIFTHS 13—SECONDS 6

A better first half for the Fifths, as contrasted with a good second half for the Seconds, summarizes this game completely, for the Fifths scored twice in the opening half, while the Seconds pushed across one touchdown in the final frame of the game. In the first quarter after Hartke had scooped up a fumble on the Seconds' twenty yard line, the Fifths started a drive to the goal which culminated with Schill plunging across the line for a touchdown. Again in the second quarter, Spalding intercepted a pass on

the Seconds' thirty yard line. A pass, Barge to Anzinger, netted fifteen yards and then after a series of plunges Barge crashed through center across the line. Schill added the extra point by a drop kick. The half ended with the ball in midfield.

At the opening of the second half the Seconds came on the field with a "do or die" spirit. They did it, all right, because they carried the ball from their own twenty yard line to the goal for a touchdown. In this drive to the goal Modrijan, Wirtz, and Blommer repeatedly crashed through the holes made by the Second year line. Finally with the ball on the three yard line, Hoover plunged over for the Seconds' only score. The game ended with the ball in midfield.

Line-up:

Fifths 13.		Seconds 6.
Hartke	L. E.	Strasser
Guillozet, E.	L. T.	McCarthy
Zumberge	L. G.	Waple
Fredericks	C.	Novak
Rheberger	R. G.	Storch
Wissert (c)	R. T.	Zureich
Anzinger	R. E.	Byrne
Walz	Q.	Blommer
Wabler	L. H.	Hoover
Schill	R. H.	Modrijan (c)
Barge	F.	Wirtz

Substitutions: Fifths: O. Missler for Hartke; Linnenberger for Zumberge; Stapleton for Fredericks; Babin for Walz; Spalding for Wabler; Nolan for Schill; Hartke for O. Missler; Zumberge for Linnenberger; Fredericks for Staepleton; Walz for Babin; Schill for Spalding. Seconds: Gengler for Storch; Besanceney for Gengler; Siebeneck for Besanceney. Officials:

Lauer, referee; Aubry, umpire; Beirman, linesman; Duray, field-judge.

FOURTHS 13—SIXTHS 7

Lauer tore around end, came to a stop one foot from the goal; M. Dreiling punted; the final whistle blew, and one of the hardest fought and most interesting football games ever played on the local grid-iron was history. With their players almost dropping from sheer exhaustion, the Sixths and Fourths battled until the dusky shades of evening settled on the campus. The Sixths saw victory close at hand at the end of the game; the Fourths were grimly determined that the Sixths should not cross the line for a touchdown.

In the middle of the first quarter Wolf fumbled a punt and the Fourths recovered on the Sixths twenty yard line. Grot, Billinger, and Herod repeatedly smashed the line and circled the ends, averaging about three yards a down. With the ball on the three yard line Grot crashed through tackle for the first score. Herod added the extra point by a drop kick. The second quarter opened with the ball in the Sixths' possession on the Fourths' forty-four yard line. Opening a concerted aerial attack plus line play and end runs, the Sixths marched to the goal line. Captain Lauer plunged over the line for the Sixths' touchdown. Wolf dropkicked the extra point. The half ended with the ball in midfield. Score, Sixths 7; Fourths 7.

With the Fourths' regular backfield, which had been replaced in the second quarter, back in the game, the Fourths showed more fight and determination. The long grind of the game, however, began to show on the players of both teams, but especially

on the Sixths who had not been relieved. Both teams were content with exchanging punts, and in general they played a conservative game.

The fourth quarter, the quarter that spelled victory for the Fourths and a glorious defeat for the Sixths! With the Fourth year backs tearing around end and through tackle for substantial gains the high school seniors pushed over another touchdown which was the result of a neat twenty-one yard run by Billinger. Herod missed the attempted drop kick.

With but four minutes to play the Sixths staged an aerial attack which carried them from their own thirty yard line to the enemy's nine yard line. Three line smashes placed the ball on the three yard line. On the last down Lauer swept around end with the goal in view, but Grot and Billinger rushed in and stopped him on the one foot line. M. Dreiling punted. Evans partially blocked the kick, but a Fourth year player fell on the ball. The game ended on the next play. Final score, Fourths 13; Sixths 7.

The statistics of the game show that the Fourths made ten first downs for a gain of $122\frac{1}{2}$ yards. In aerial attack the Sixths outplayed their opponents, completing eleven passes out of twenty-four attempts with a total gain of 126 yards. The Fourths completed three out of four passes for a gain of $37\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Since both teams worked almost in unity it is difficult to pick out the individual players as stars of the game. Captain Lauer of the Sixths, however, must be commended on his excellent work, especially in running. He carried the ball twenty-nine times, averaging about three yards per play. For the Fourths, Billinger, Herod, and Grot in the backfield; R. Guillozet, Weigel, and Goubeaux on the line at-

tracted attention to themselves by their excellent playing. Stecker, Evans, Kasper, Uhrhane, and Connor, L. bore the brunt of the fighting for the Sixths on the line and in the backfield.

Line-up:

Fourths 13.		Sixths 7.
Van Oss	L. E.	Reitz
Goubeaux	L. T.	Kasper
R. Guillozet	L. G.	Diller
Huzvar	C.	Evans
M. Dreiling	R. G.	Stecker
W. Dreiling	R. T.	Frenzer
Weigel	R. E.	Connor
Herod (c)	Q.	Wolf
Otto	L. H.	Uhrhane
Grot	R. H.	Druffel
Billinger	F.	Lauer (c)

Substitutions—Fourths; Miller for Guillozet; Bierman for Otto; Uhrich for Grot; Goubeaux for Billinger; Otto for Beirman; Grot for Uhrich; Billinger for Goubeaux; Guillozet for Miller; Weiner for Goubeaux. Sixths, Longanbach for Diller; Siegrist for Frenzer. Aubry, referee; Boker, umpire; Barge, linesman; Thoben, field-judge.

SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

	W.	L.	Pct.
Fourths -----	3	0	1000
Sixths -----	2	1	666
Fifths -----	1	1	500
Thirds -----	0	2	000
Seconds -----	0	2	000

JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

	W.	L.	Pct.
Iron Horses -----	3	0	1000
Coyotes -----	1	2	333
Prospects -----	0	2	000

JUNIOR NOTES

The Junior League, under the capable supervision of Manager Bob Weis, is well under way. In the opening game of this league the Iron Horses and Coyotes staged a strenuous football battle which went scoreless for a full half. The third quarter witnessed the Iron Horses taking the ball across the line for their only touchdown. Frechette, Toth, Jansen, and Reino starred for the victors, while Senzig, Henderlong, and Zurcher of the Coyotes, played an excellent brand of bootball. Final score, Iron Horses 6, Coyotes 0.

The Iron Horses once again proved their mettle by taking the Prospects into camp to the tune of 20 to 0. Both teams employed a brand of straight football. An aerial attack of the Prospects failed to give them a victory. Lanoue of the Iron Horses proved to be a consistent gainer on line plunges. I. Vichuras played a good game at end. For the Prospects, Boltz, Horstman, and Lefko were the chief ground gainers.

The Coyotes won their first game of the season by defeating the Prospects 19 to 0. Senzig scored three touchdowns for the Coyotes. Playing a good aerial game, the Prospects threatened to score several times. Wuest and Vidmar did excellent work for the Pros-

pects while Senzig and Henderlong starred for the Coyotes.

The Iron Horses tightened their first place position in the Junior League by defeating the hard-playing Coyotes, 13 to 0. In the first half of the game neither team crossed the goal line, but in the second half the Iron Horses launched a concerted drive to the goal, capped by a line plunge of Toth. Jansen's sensational run of twenty-five yards, after scooping up a fumble, was the only event which broke the regularity of straight football. Reino on the Iron Horses played a good game; for the Coyotes Senzig and Partee did fine work.

One of the student body's proud achievements is an orchestra backed by the students, and under the personal supervision of Robert Koch and Cornelius Heringhaus. During the last two years they were kept busy entertaining the different classes during their feeds. These "Red and Purple Melody Boys" recently filled an engagement at Rensselaer, where they played during a chicken supper served at St. Augustine's Parish Hall. The boys received well-deserved laudatory comments on their work. The townspeople would like to hear the "Melody Boys" oftener if arrangements could be made for that purpose.

Free Air---Hot and Otherwise

"Hold on young man," said the indignant farmer to the Electric Power Company salesman. "You can't make a fool out of me by tellin' me that you can give me heat for a cook stove and ice for an ice box

over one and the same wire. You get right out of here."

Encyclopedia Collegevilla.

Proverb: An undisputed fact with whiskers on it.

B. A.: An abbreviation of the degree Bachelor of Applesauce.

Filthy Lucre: A one dollar bill after it has seen two years of service.

Optimist: A man who pays the filling station attendant a nickel to sprinkle gas on his suit so his friends will think he just had it cleaned.

Reineck The Small: "The most sucessful debating club? I don't know."

Reineck The Great: "The one in the policeman's hand."

The origin of the Black Bottom is attributed to an incident in which a student absentmindedly put a lighted pipe in his pocket.

A scene in the Martin household. "Mother! Come here quick." "What's the matter?" "Why Clete just ate all the raisins off that sticky brown paper."

The Scotchman's eternal problem—splitting the atom.

Binks: "Remember the time we got caught in the revolving door?"

Jinks: "Sure, but that is not the first time we met."

Binks: "No, but that's when we started going around together."

It is related of Bobby Burns that on one occasion being present at a country dinner his host asked him to say grace. Burns, having already noted the frugality of the fare arose and in poetic rhyme exclaimed:

"O Lord, wha blest the loaves and fishes,
Look down upon these two bit dishes;
And though the taties be but sma',
Lord make them plenty for us a',
But if they do our stomachs fill,
'Twill be another miracle."

There are still a sufficient number of one-eyed cars on the road to give the approaching driver a thrill from guessing which side the single light is on, and then figuring out whether he guessed correctly.

Besides demonstrating the prowess of man over the sea, Lindburgh's flight showed what a terrible condition poetry is in just now.

Colored Judge: "But Rastus, didn't you all take yo' wife for better or for worse?"

Rastus: "Yes suh jedge, but she's worse'n I took her for."

Lady: (in butcher shop) "Is that the head cheese over there?"

Clerk: "No ma'm. The boss is not in just now."

Miles: "Pretty loud thunder clap, wasn't that?"

Miller: "I didn't hear it. I was talking."

Kienly: "What are you booked for?"

Elliot: "For about a half hour, I guess."

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